

SISTER ROSE.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

"Perhaps we shall tide over to-night, after all—who knows?" said Lomaque, ringing his hand bell for lights. They were brought in, and with them ominously returned the police agent Magloire with a small sealed packet. It contained an arrest order and a tiny three-cornered note, looking more like a love letter or a lady's invitation to a party than anything else. Lomaque opened the note eagerly and read these lines, neatly written, and signed with Robespierre's initials—M. R.—formed elegantly in cipher:

"Arrest Trudaine and his sister to-night. On second thoughts I am not sure, if Danville comes back in time to be present, that it may not be all the better. He is unprepared for his wife's arrest. Watch him closely when it takes place, and report privately to me. I am afraid he is a vicious man; and of all things I abhor Vice."

"Any more work for me to-night?" asked Magloire, with a yawn.

"Only an arrest," replied Lomaque. "Collect our men, and when you're ready, get a coach at the door."

"We were just going to supper," grumbled Magloire to himself, as he went out. "The devil seize the Aristocrats! They're all in such a hurry to get to the guillotine that they won't even give a man time to eat his victuals in peace."

"There's no choice now," muttered Lomaque, angrily thrusting the arrest order and the three-cornered note into his pocket. "His father was the saving of me; he himself welcomed me like an equal; his sister treated me like a gentleman, as the phrase went in those days, and now—"

He stopped and wiped his forehead; then unlocked his desk, produced a bottle of brandy, and poured himself out a glass of liquor, which he drank by sips, slowly.

"I wonder whether other men get softer hearted as they grow older?" he said. "It seems to do so, at any rate. Courage! courage! what must be, must be. If I risked my head to do it, I couldn't stop this arrest. Not a man in the office but would be ready to execute it, if I want."

Here the rumble of carriage wheels sounded outside. "There's the coach!" exclaimed Lomaque, locking up the brandy bottle, and taking his hat.

"After all, as this arrest is to be made, it's as well for them that I should make it."

Consoling himself as he best could with this reflection, Chief Police Agent Lomaque blew out the candles, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER X.

IGNORANT of the change in her husband's plans, which were to bring him back to Paris a day before the time that had been fixed for his return, Sister Rose had left her solitary home to spend the evening with her brother. They had sat talking together long after sunset, and had let the darkness steal on them insensibly, as people will who are only occupied with quiet familiar conversation. Thus it happened, by a curious coincidence, that just as Lomaque was blowing out his candles at the office, Rose was lighting the reading lamp at her brother's lodgings.

Five years of disappointment and sorrow had sadly changed her to outward view. Her face looked thinner and longer; the once delicate red and white of her complexion was gone; her figure had wasted under the influence of some weakness which already made her stoop a little when she walked. Her manner had lost its maiden shyness only to become unnaturally quiet and subdued. Of all the charms which had so fatally, yet so innocently, allured her heartless husband, but one remained—the winning gentleness of her voice. It might be touched now and then with a note of sadness, but the soft attraction of its even, natural tone still remained. In the morning of all other harmonies, this one harmony had been preserved unchanged! Her brother, though his face was care-worn, and his manner sadder than of old, looked less altered from his former self. It is the most fragile material which nature shows the flaw. The world's idol, Beauty, holds its feeblest tenure of existence in the one Temple where we most love to worship it.

"And so you think, Louis, that our perilous undertaking has really ended well by this?" said Rose, anxiously, as she lit the lamp and placed the glass shade over it. "What a relief it is only to hear you say you think we have succeeded at last!"

"I said I hoped," replied her brother. "Well, even hoped is a great word from you, Louis—a great word from any one in this fearful city, and in these days of Terror."

She stopped suddenly, seeing her brother raise his hand in warning. They looked at each other in silence, and listened. The sound of footsteps going slowly past the house—ceasing for a moment just beyond it—then going on again—came through the open window. There was nothing else, out of doors or in, to disturb the silence of the night—the deadly silence of Terror which, for months past, had hung over Paris. It was a significant sign of the times, that even a passing footstep sounding a little strangely at night, was subject for suspicion, both to brother and sister.

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so common a subject that they suspended their conversation as a matter of course, without exchanging a word of explanation, until the tramp of the strange footstep had died away.

"Louis," continued Rose, dropping her voice to a whisper, after nothing more was audible, "when may I trust our secret to my husband?"

"Not yet," rejoined Trudaine earnestly. "Not a word, not a hint of it till I give you leave. Remember, Rose, you promised silence from the first. Everything depends on your holding that promise sacred till I release you from it."

"I will hold it sacred; I will, indeed, at all hazards, under all provocations," she answered.

"That is quite enough to reassure me—and now, love, let us change the subject. Even these walls may have ears, and the closed door yonder may be no protection." He looked towards it uneasily while he spoke. "By the way, I have come round to your way of thinking, Rose, about that new servant of mine—there is something false in his face. I wish I had been as quick to detect it as you were."

Rose glanced at him affrightedly, as he done anything suspicious? Have you caught him watching you? Tell me the worst, Louis."

"Hush! hush! my dear, not so loud. Don't alarm yourself; he has done nothing suspicious."

"Turn him off—pray, pray, turn him off, before it is too late!"

"And be denounced by him, in revenge, the first night he goes to his Section. You forget that servants and masters are equal now. I am not supposed to keep a servant at all. I have a citizen living with me who lays me under domestic obligations, for which I make a penitential acknowledgment. No! no! if I do anything, I must try if I can to entrap him into giving me warning. But we have got to another unpleasant subject already—suppose I change the topic again. You will find a little book on that table there, in the corner—tell me what you think of it."

The book was a copy of Cornelle's "Cid," prettily bound in blue morocco. Rose was enthusiastic in her praises. "I found it in a bookseller's shop yesterday," said her brother, "and bought it as a present for you. Cornelle is not an author to compromise any one, even in these times. Don't you remember saying the other day that you felt ashamed of knowing but little of our greatest dramatist?" Rose remembered well, and smiled almost as happily as in the old times over her present.

"There are some good engravings at the beginning of each act," continued Trudaine, directing her attention rather earnestly to the illustrations, and then suddenly leaving her side when he saw that she became interested in looking at them.

He went to the window—listened—then drew aside the curtain, and looked up and down the street. No living soul was in sight. "I must have been mistaken," he thought, returning hastily to his sister; "but I certainly fancied I was followed in my walk to-day by a spy."

"I wonder," said Rose, still busy over her book, "I wonder, Louis, whether my husband would let me go with you to see 'Le Cid' the next time it is acted?"

"No!" cried a voice at the door; "not if you went on your knees to ask him."

Rose turned round with a scream. There stood her husband on the threshold, scowling at her, with his hat on and his hands thrust doggedly into his pockets. Trudaine's servant announced him, with an insolent smile, during the pause that followed the discovery. "Citizen-superintendent Danville, to visit the citoyenne, his wife," said the fellow, making a mock bow to his master.

Rose looked at her brother, then advanced a few paces towards the door. "This is a surprise," she said, faintly, "has anything happened? We—didn't expect you." Her voice failed her, as she saw her husband advancing, pale to his very lips with suppressed anger.

"How dare you come here, after what I told you?" he asked, in quick, low tones.

She shrank at his voice almost as if he had struck her. The blood flew into her brother's face as he noticed the action, but he controlled himself, and, taking her hand, led her in silence to a chair.

"I forbid you to sit down in this house," said Danville, advancing still; "I order you to come back with me! Do you hear? I order you."

"Oh, Charles! Charles!" she said to her husband, "be friends with Louis to-night, and be kind again to me—I have a claim to ask that much of you, though you may not think it."

He turned away from her, and laughed contemptuously. She tried to speak again, but Trudaine touched her on the arm and gave her a warning look.

with an oath—threw it on the floor and set his foot on it.

"Oh, Louis! Louis! for God's sake, remember!"

Trudaine was stepping forward as the book fell to the floor. At the same moment his sister threw her arms round him. He stopped, staring from fiery red to ghastly pale.

"No! not Louis," she said, clasping him closer. "Not after five years' patience. No—no!"

He gently detached her arms.

"You are right, love. Don't be afraid; it's all over now."

Saying that, he put her from him, and in silence took up the book from the floor.

"Won't that offend you even?" said Danville, with an insolent smile. "You have a wonderful temper—any other man would have called me out."

Trudaine looked back at him steadily, and taking out his handkerchief, passed it over the soiled cover of the book.

"If I could wipe the stain of your blood off my conscience as easily as I can wipe the stain of your foot off this book," he said quietly, "you should not live another hour. Don't cry, Rose," he continued, turning again to his sister. "I will take care of your book for you until you can keep it yourself."

"You will do this! you will do that!" cried Danville, growing more and more exasperated, and letting his anger get the better even of his cunning now. "Talk less confidently of the future—you don't know what it has in store for you. Govern your tongue when you are in my presence; a day may come when you will want my help—my help, do you hear that?"

CHAPTER XI.

TRUDAINÉ turned his face from his sister, as if he feared to let her see it when those words were spoken.

"The man who followed me to-day was a spy—Danville's spy!" That thought flashed across his mind, but he gave it no utterance. There was an instant's pause of silence; and through it there came heavily on the still night air the rumbling of distant wheels. The sound advanced nearer and nearer—advanced, and ceased under the window.

Danville hurried to it, and looked out eagerly.

"I have not hastened my return without reason. I wouldn't have missed this arrest for anything!" thought he, peering into the night.

The stars were out, but there was no moon. He could not recognize either the coach or the persons who got out of it, and he turned again into the interior of the room. His wife had sunk into a chair—her brother was looking up in a cabinet the book which he had promised to take care of for her. The dead silence made the noise of slowly ascending footsteps on the stairs painfully audible. At last the door opened softly.

"Citizen Danville, health and fraternity!" said Lomaque, appearing in the doorway, followed by his agents. "Citizen, Louis Trudaine!" he continued, beginning with the usual form.

Rose started out of her chair; but her brother's hand was on her lips before she could speak.

"My name is Louis Trudaine," he answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LEGS KICKED.

Surprise of an English Visitor Who Thought He Was Rescuing a Man.

Frank Hyatt, who has long enjoyed an income of £3,000, derived principally from his vocation as a "book agent" for London Theatricals, two weeks ago landed in the American metropolis for the purpose, as he said, of seeing what on earth Mr. J. A. Bailey could do with so many men and beasts as he had been shipping to him. New York and its ceaseless rush amazed him. Mr. Bailey's winter quarters at Bridgeport were past his belief, the swiftly moving Broadway cars, "a lot of trams pulled by a string," surprised him, says the New York World.

His idle moments "at home" are spent upon the race-courses of England and there, in times past, he has met many of his friends. Recently, at an uptown Broadway hotel, as he glanced out into the street his kindly blue eyes seemed to start from their sockets. Rushing into Broadway he shouted:

"Hold on here! Don't start that car! Here, somebody, call an ambulance!" Then Mr. Hyatt plunged almost headforemost under the car and began tugging away at a man's legs that were lying across the rails beneath the center of the car. As he did so the legs began to kick vigorously. The rescuer felt himself pulled away violently, saw the brawny fist of the conductor shaking close to his nose and he heard the angry voice of the conductor saying:

"What do you mean, sir, by trying to keep that man from fixing the car? Do you think we want to block Broadway all day?"

Mr. Hyatt turned toward the hotel and was greeted by laughter from the crowd that his cries had attracted.

The Standard of Purity.

The standard of purity has been steadily raised and is steadily rising. Neither Swift nor Sterne would be tolerated to-day in any Christian pulpit. The tone of English literature has been greatly elevated since that time, and, moreover, it is cause for gratitude that pure and healthy literature is, nowadays, quite as cheap as that which is filthy and degrading.—Rev. James McLeod.

IN WOMAN'S COLNER.

SOME CURRENT TOPICS FOR DAME AND DAMSEL.

Wash for the Season—Dresses for Little Girls—New Norfolk Bodice—The Course of True Love—Answers to Correspondents—Notes of the Modes.



OR REASONS UN- told it has been the custom to buy an extravagant hat for Easter and then settle down to some quiet mode. With most fashion writers "the advance styles are very extravagant. But when the season opens more reasonable modes will prevail" has been a stereotyped phrase suitable for the early part of any season.

All our old theories are now overturned. The Easter hat of this season blinded the eyes with its magnificence. It glittered and glowed until one stood bewildered before it. The Easter season came and went, but the Easter hat remained. It didn't grow quiet; it didn't reform. We wear the same hat to-day. It perches sanely on our heads, thrusting at us the colors of the rainbow. It has grown even more aggressive since it made its debut.

A charming daughter of Eve wears above her bright eyes a rather small hat of rough green straw. Massed above it is a handful of pink roses, falling every way above the crown. Foliage fills in all the available space until the hat proper is entirely concealed.

Bright red poppies cluster above another green hat, while a third has bunches of bright green candytuft mingling with violets. It is a wonderful combination, but—

A hat more worthy of mention is of white rice straw, with crown and brim edged with tiny forget-me-nots in yellow. White tulle is gathered about the base of the crown, and forms a fan at

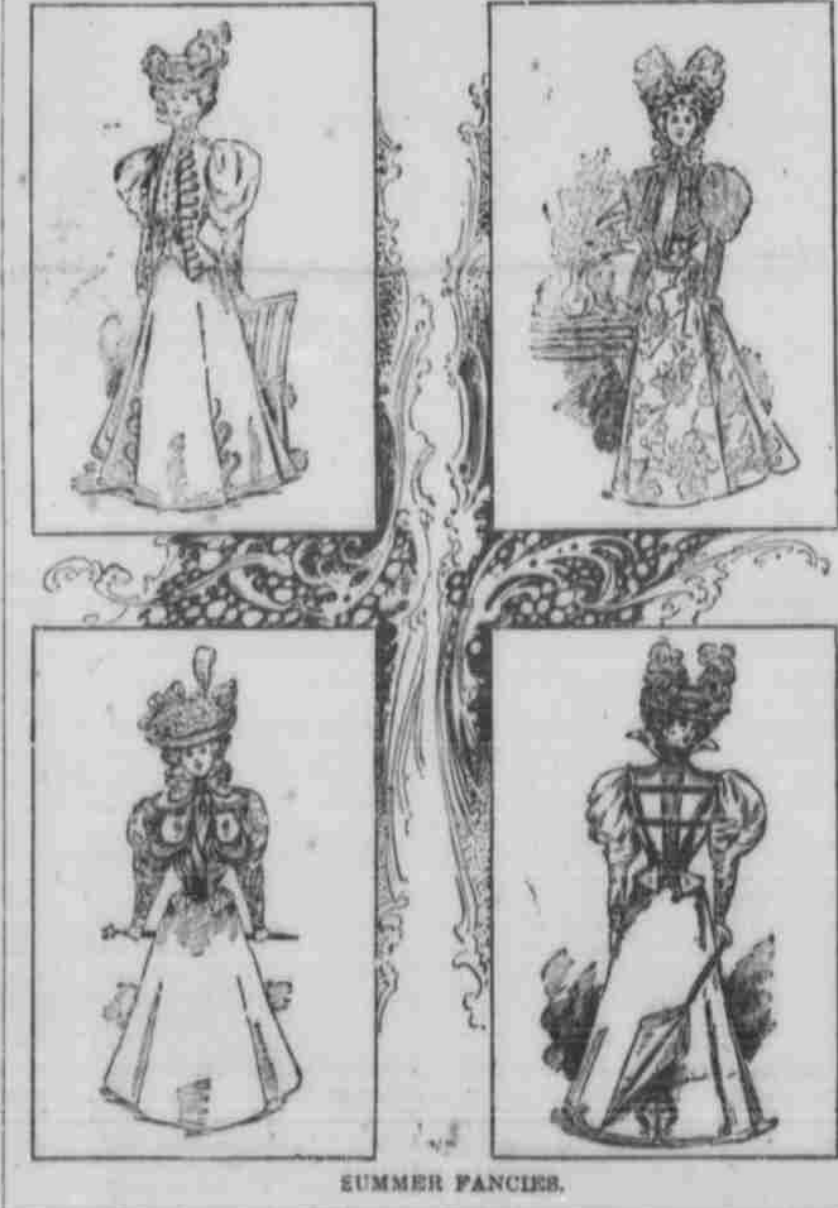
intersections of lace or of whatever trimming there is used on the gown? But whether the bodice be plain or trimmed, see to it that you acquire that graceful poise which insures the supple curve at the waist. A great deal of it is a matter of carriage. Most women walk in languid, wabbly style, when the correct position is to keep the body firm at the waist and hips, while the steps should be as free as possible.

A fetching Virot frock of glossy black brillantane is made with a flaring, untrimmed skirt and a dainty bodice as lavishly decorated at the back as in front. The body of the bodice fits perfectly smooth and is cut exceedingly plain. Over the shoulders spreads a sailor collar of heavy patterned gold embroidery, laid over white satin, with narrow ends extending into the deep girldle.

There is a wide stock covered with soft folds of yellow crepe de chene, while a soft scarf of the same stuff drapes gracefully across the front and into two huge buckles placed on the girldle. The sleeves are puffed bouffantly at the shoulders and much wrinkled over the lower arm. A smart parasol of yellow crepe over yellow satin and a tiny bit of millinery in the shape of a black satin bow on the bright hair complete the toilet.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Course of True Love.

H. M. M. is deeply in love with a very charming young woman. They have been engaged for about half a year. H. M. M. is fond of a quiet life and thinks that his lady-fair should like the things that he likes. But she has a slightly changeable disposition, as she has been engaged once before and broke that engagement. Her friends, however, approved of the course she took. She promised her present intended that she would never break the pledges she made to him. But alas for the inconstancy of woman! she writes him that she has learned to love another, and has asked that the affair with H. M. M. be broken off. He is deeply grieved, and while he has consented to the severing of the relations between them, he insists on reserving the right to visit the young



SUMMER FANCIES.

the back of the hat. An ostrich tip falls over the hair and a prince of Wales plume gives height at the back.

The damsel who wore this hat wore a jabot of lace at her neck. Instead of being in front it was fastened at the nape of the neck, between two velvet points.—The Latest, in Chicago News.

New Norfolk Bodice.

Generally the back of the gown is left plain and bare, while the front is lavishly decorated, thus bringing all the attractions in one place. Why should not the back of a costume receive as much consideration as the front? Ay, even more, for there's nothing to relieve its plainness. One rarely sees a bodice decorated at all at the back, no



matter how gorgeous the display in front. The Norfolk bodice is a change and an improvement, since it is made a bit attractive at the back as well as the front. Why cannot there be sharp

woman and try to win her affections back to himself. He has made arrangements for a farm, and now fears he will not be able to find a wife in time to take charge of it according to his plans. He wants to know what course is best. Whether to try to win the girl again and go to farming or to give up the farm and take up a profession. Answer: Long years of trial and heart weariness have demonstrated that love is one of those eccentric articles that is always doing just what is not expected of it. One thing is certain, that it is almost useless to try to win back lost love. It is done in books very often, but in real life rarely. The most sensible course is to make up your mind that love that is not freely given will never freely abide. Better And out before marriage that the young lady is fickle than to wake up to it afterward. As to taking up the farm, it appears as though, having a good start, it would be folly to give it up. Why not stick to it and make a success of it? Then you may have the satisfaction of showing this changeable young woman how much better she might have done had she remained faithful to her promises made to you.

For the Little Ones.

As the butterfly emerges from the chrysalis so does the little man of the house when he steps out of his kilt and short socks into the dignified costume of a sailor lad. The flapping width of the trousers about the feet has often discouraged the little fellow, but his desire to be big counteracts any complaint he is inclined to make on this subject.

Blueannel and serge suits in this fashion, with trimmings of white

braided and the white front, are familiar and perhaps more serviceable than any other style. As spring approaches there is a great change in jackets for little men, and to the ever-ready serge pants a blouse or jacket of pique is added. Pink, white and blue are especially sweet, and when the lads appear in an entire costume of white they are always greeted with looks, if not words, of admiration.

Little girls, however, have always had the advantage in the matter of dress over their young brothers, for the materials used in their wardrobe are not exceeded in style by that found among their mothers' beautiful things.

Spring costs for these embryo queens of society are made of heavy corded silk, in white or other colors. They are made long and usually with box pleats, which hang from a yoke, and thus give a large sweep at the bottom of skirt. Large sleeves have close cuffs at the waist, and the yoke is covered with ruffles of lace. Persian silks are used a great deal this season for these cloaks; grass cloth, with accordions



pleated ruffles, makes an exquisite coat for a less fashionably dressed child while pique and embroidery are very useful for the little one's every day wrap.

The smaller the face the larger it seems the ruffles on the poke bonnets of little girls are becoming. Some of the latest of these bonnets are surrounded not only by a deep ruffle of the material which forms the crown, but another of pleated chiffon, and still another of pleated lace. Around the neck a cape is formed by these ruffles and the bonnet is tied under the little pink chin with wide streamers, which makes a large bow. Bonnets are made of lace and soft silk, but grass cloth is also used in many of the simpler ones.

Not Funny to Mrs. Newswed.

Recently a young couple stepped aboard the train to start for their honeymoon a long box of flowers was handed them. It bore the name of a well-known florist on the cover and was daintily tied up with white satin ribbons. They looked askance at the box. The white bows made it too evidently a wedding favor; and had they not feared to hurt the feelings of some tactless friend by refusing the gift, they would not have taken the box into the car. However, they did take it. Presently the bride decided that it would be better to take the flowers from the box and wear them. Then the pretty little bride, trying hard not to look conscious, held the big box in her lap and untied the silken fastenings. As she undid the last bow the cover jumped off with a report loud enough to attract the attention of the whole Pullman, and out from a bed of flowers sprang a rosy-cheeked Cupid, stretching his bow ready for a shot. It was a species of jumping jack. To the passengers on the car the joke seemed funny, but the poor little bride broke down in a storm of hysterical tears.

Some Timely Recipes.

Croquettes of fish.—Take one pound of any cold boiled or baked fish; break into small bits; put into a saucepan with one-half pint of white sauce, a tablespoonful of thick cream, a tea spoonful of anchovy essence, and a little salt and pepper. Set over the fire until hot. Butter a dozen shells and fill with the mixture. Cover the top with fried bread crumbs, and set in the oven to heat. Serve on a napkin.

Natalie K.—It seems incredible that any girl in her right senses should wist for shadows under the eye. They are the certain indications of ill health. No, indeed, I cannot advise any stomp means of gaining them, unless you do your best to become sick.

About Mourning Dress.

L. B. asks if it is proper to wear sarah, gloria or black lace when dressing in mourning? Are small sleeve fashionable again? Answer: According to strict rules, none of these materials are mourning goods, but there is so much variety in individual opinion that rigid lines cannot be drawn. French mourning includes lace and many things that our ideas would not approve. If you want to be dressed in a genuine mourning costume, wear calico and soft, black all wool goods without figure or much luster. Small sleeves are not fashionable.

Fashion Notes.

Spring millinery is attracting the attention of women of all classes, and one can only wonder who designs all the hats, as there seem to be no twalike. A favorite style has a rather wide brim rolled up at the back and is profusely trimmed with ostrich tips and fans of chiffon.

A stylish hat is of black fancy chip. It is in a modified sailor shape. The back of the brim is rolled up and fastened to the crown. The trimming is of very full platings of chiffon in minorette green and black, the two colors intermixed with sprays of minorette.

True happiness never entered an eye true happiness resides in things we see.